One Hundreth Anniversary

Wapping
Congregational
Meeting House
South Windsor
Connecticut

THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY of the *Wapping Congregational Meeting House* Erected 1801 and Occupied 1802 in South Windsor, Connecticut

OCTOBER ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED & TWO


INSTEAD OF THY FATHERS
SHALL BE THY CHILDREN
1607 - 1907

REV. J. E. HURLBUT.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Service at 10.30.

Organ Voluntary.
Doxology.
Scripture Reading, Rev. F. R. Waite
Gloria.
Prayer—(Response by Choir), Rev. E. E. Colburn
Anthem—"Great is the Lord."
Opening Address, The Pastor, Rev. J. E. Hurlbut
Responses. Rev. Roscoe Nelson Rev. D. E. Jones
Rev. C. A. Jaquith Rev. E. W. Burch
Rev. W. F. English, Ph. D. Rev. W. Stanley Post
Hymn 603—"Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken."
Benediction.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Service at 2.00.

Organ Voluntary.
Anthem—"Praise God."
Prayer—(Response by Choir), Rev. W. B. Tuthill
Address, Rev. C. H. Barber
Historical Addresses, Dea. C. C. Vinton and W. A. Howe
Anthem—"Let us Kneel before the Lord."
Reminiscent Addresses, J. M. Talcott and Mrs. E. S. Bissell
Hymn 597—"Blest be the Tie that Binds."
Benediction.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Service at 10.45.

Organ Voluntary.
Doxology.
Invocation.
Gloria.
Bible Reading—(Response by Choir).
Anthem.
Baptism of Children.

Prayer.
Solo—"The Planes of Peace," Mrs. Alice Ewell
Sermon, Rev. W. S. Hawkes
Hymn 1—"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty."
Benediction.
Sunday School Service.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Service at 7.00.

Praise Service—Old Time Hymns and other selections.
Sermon, Rev. E. N. Hardy
Hymn 599—"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."
Benediction.

PASTORS.

Matthew Rockwell, Moses Tuthill,		1765—1800
Henry Morris,		July 10, 1829—1832
David L. Hunn,		July, 1832—May 1, 1835
Marvin Root,	Installed,	June 29, 1836—April 29, 1840
O. F. Parker,	Supply,	Jan. —, 1843
O. F. Parker,	Ordained and Installed,	Jan. 3, 1844—Oct. 24, 1848
Wm. Wright,	Installed,	Aug. 22, 1854—May 1, 1865
W. S. Hawkes,	Ordained and Installed,	Nov. 12, 1868—Mar. 31, 1871
Charles Drake,	Supply,	1871
Stephen Fenn,	"	1873; died Feb. 19, 1875
Henry E. Hart,	"	June 20, 1875—June, 1878
Chas. N. Flanders,	"	Nov., 1878—Jan. 6, 1884
Geo. A. Bryan,	"	May 1, 1884—Nov. 1, 1886
Daniel Phillips,	"	April 1, 1887—April 1, 1888
G. O. McIntyre,	"	May, 1888—Aug. 1, 1889
E. N. Hardy,	"	Aug., 1889—Sept. 1, 1890
F. M. Hollister,	Ordained and Installed,	Dec. 31, 1890—Apr. 5, 1892
C. A. Redgrave,	Supply,	June 1, 1892—June 1, 1895
W. Stanley Post,	"	Oct. 1, 1895—April 1, 1900
John E. Hurlbut,	"	Oct. 1. 1900—

THE CENTURY CYCLE.

The centuries have run their round,
The Fathers sleep beneath the ground.
God's acres hold their precious dust,
While God, in whom they put their trust,
Their spirits keep against that day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
And kingdoms be, by promised word,
The kingdoms of His Christ, our Lord.

Whence came these men of courage tried
Who for their faith had gladly died
If by their death that faith could be
God's gift to lands beyond the sea?
In ancient annals we may read,—
God sifted nations for this seed.
The rack, the dungeon, sword and stake,
Where martyrs died for Jesus' sake,
This dreadful work of sifting did.

Then God, in Holland, this seed hid
Until, beyond the swelling wave,
Columbus to the old world gave
A continent so grand and great
That God no longer had to wait.
His time had come to plant this seed,
The world's great hope, the world's great need,
That long to Him for help had cried,
In Pilgrim met and satisfied.

These men of sturdy faith and mold
Sought not this land for greed of gold,
But love of God and truth and right,
And as God said, "Let there be light,"
And on creation's night there broke
That light that into being woke
Those starry hosts that made this world,
As round the throne of God it whirled,
The home of races yet unborn:
So broke for liberty God's morn.
From tyrant's shackles faith set free
When God said, "Let the Pilgrims be."

'Tis true that with the Pilgrim band
There later came to this fair land
The Puritan of faith the same.
From this twin stock the courage came
That made the Saxons pioneers,
Not taking counsel of their fears,
But westward pressing, thither led,
By Southern Cross above their head
Last seen by eyes in Eastern sky
When Christ upon the cross did die,
Till globe encircled this hosts' van
Came back where journey they began.

Not here need we these names rehearse,
For oft before, in poets' verse,
These names with reverence have been told,
As novice counts her beads of gold
And with each bead, breathes forth a prayer,
So midst the nations everywhere
These names are found as incense rare.
Thus has it come to pass that we
From all these lands those rivulets see
That have been as a river grand
To water and enrich this land,
For when Old Glory waves above
With liberty men's hearts must move,
And peoples of all clime and race

With those to manor born take place
As citizens, their lives to give
To make America to live,—
And while this alchemy shall hold
To change all metals into gold,
The gold of character and right,
We still shall be the beacon light
Of hope to nations yet unborn
And lead to God's Millennial Morn.

But let us now a short time look
Upon the page of open book
That gives us views of long ago,
That these men we may better know.
Not palaces of marble white
That shine as pearls in sunshine bright,
Or blaze at night with lights that seem
Creations of Aladdin's dream,
Filled with a furniture so fine
That in its making and design
Artistic skill its zenith found.
Not this, but huts of logs, where ground
Made hard by usage was the floor,
No glass for windows or for door,
With furniture of homely make,—
These were their homes where morn did wake
The hymn of praise to God who gave
His Son from sin the world to save,
And with the hymn the heartfelt prayer
For this, God's fellowship and care
In all the work of each new day.
At night, e'er head on pillow lay,
The praise again for blessings brought,
The prayer that for protection sought
As night, with perils new, drew near.

Not that these men knew aught of fear,
But in new countries, with the fight
To wrest from Nature in her might
The treasures of her wooded soil
That call for sacrifice and toil,
Another conflict must be fought
As savage beast and foe oft sought
Their life blood. What! have we forgot
The Deerfield massacre? That spot
But one of many in this land
Where suddenly an Indian band
From far off Canada swooped down
As hawk on prey, and morning found
But smoking ruins left to tell

Of those who in death's struggle fell,
Or captive to a cruel foe
Stained with their blood the winter's snow,
Till Canada was reached to be
The place of their captivity.
Have we forgotten this? Then we
Know naught of cost of liberty.
And with these homes of praise and prayer
Went meetinghouse that everywhere
Was centre of each hamlet's life,
Its presence stilling angry strife,
As mother, 'mid her girls and boys
With loving counsel, keeps peace poise,
And helps her children strong to grow,
And in the ways of wisdom go,
The meetinghouse and home to be
The hands of Christianity;
And here in Wapping hamlet came
This meetinghouse that place to claim
One hundred years ago, for then
We find, writ by a woman's pen:
"Today, for which let God be praised,
A meetinghouse was safely raised."
June third that day, yet year went by
And fall with flaming torch drew nigh
As forest trees with colors bright
Flashed with a thousand rays of light
Before the house completed stood
Pronounced by those who saw it good,
For if we should this house compare
With meetinghouses everywhere
One hundred years before this day,
Then of this building we would say,—
"A palace as compared with hut."
Of course with architectural strut
Of present day, this is not true,
But I would rather this church view
Than many that this name now bear
Whose wondrous shapes not anywhere
In earth or sky or sea are found,
And which with echo so abound
That preacher's voice is made to be
As droning bug or buzzing bee.

Since then, some changes have been made,
The floor been lifted up and laid
Where it is now; below you see
The old floor as it used to be,
The old square pulpit, where the Word
With no uncertain sound was heard,
But with heart passion all aflame,
"Thus saith the Lord," the message came—
The galleries that circled round
Where unnailed floors gave out a sound
Quite deafening, as the youngsters' feet
Their tipping surface used to meet.
For here it was the children sat
To often feel the warning pat
Of tithing master's ruling stick
'Gainst which it was no use to kick,
For no despotic prince or king
Did rod of might or justice swing
With more determined zeal and sway
Then tithing master of that day.
And of these boys one pastor said
That oft, into temptation led
By jackknife, of the ancient kind,
"Much ingenuity of mind"
Did show, constructing their profile
On wall in quaint artistic style.
Which was but their prophetic ken
Of what they did when they were men
To make their mark in Church and State.
So if development be late,
These noisy boys,—yes, girls as well,—
Will yet to generations tell
What good New England stock can do
When time and tact has worked it through.
These both long since have passed from view:
Like preacher and like people too,
They had their day, their work did well,
And we are here of this to tell
And honor give to these true men
Who served their age with sword and pen,
And hoes as well, for we of late
Have had this man brought down to date,
"The man with hoe," by poet's ken
The grandest of God's noblemen.

One hundred years they worshipped here:
The bridal train, the funeral bier
Passed up these aisles. The words were said
Before men laid from sight their dead
In graveyard, as in England found
To compass meetinghouse around.
That comfort gave and hope and life
When soul was tost with passion's strife,
Or godly counsel well applied
To hearts of groom and blushing bride,
That joy which overflowed them then
Might not rest in the hope of men
But God, whose joy could only be
That which should last eternally.
From out these homes, the children went,—
Their strength and wisdom gladly lent
To make the town, the city, state,
To be as they today are great,
This nation of all nations found
In liberty to most abound,
In righteousness and justice too,
Its part in God's great work to do.
We have not time today in verse
These noble deeds to all rehearse,
But what is better, let men see
Their virtues in our lives to be,
And when this Anniversary Day
Of century that has passed away
Will blossom in the century new
To make us noble, strong and true,
Our work for God to grandly do.

This is the welcome we extend
As you these services attend.
Our Church, our homes, our hearts, throw wide,
While as our guests you here abide.

John E. Hurlbut.

PAPER BY DEACON VINTON

In the history of the settlement of the Town of East Windsor, the people living on the east side of the "great River" had become so numerous that they petitioned and obtained leave of the General Court to establish separate worship.

Some of the names of the forty-four men who signed this petition were Nathaniel Bissell, Samuel Grant, Samuel Rockwell, Thomas Stoughton, John Stoughton, Simon Wolcott. Such liberty was granted by the Court, May 10, 1694, under the name of Windsor farm.

The services of Timothy Edwards were secured the November following, and he commenced his labors among this scattered people.

The families to which Mr. Edwards ministered were scattered upon one long winding path, a little way back from Connecticut Meadows, which reached from Hartford town line, four miles below his home, to an equal distance above. This road, which at the first was only a rude bridle path, was gradually improved and enlarged, as the years passed on, until it became to be known at the Street, a name which still continues in common use and distinguishing it from all other roads in this vicinity.

Mr. Edwards was ordained in 1698—his ministry lasting more than sixty-three years—only ending by his death in 1758—during which time parishes had been established, one in Ellington, in 1735, and another parish on the east side of the river under the memorial of Thomas Grant and others, subscribing thereunto, inhabitants of Wapping, on east side of second Society in Windsor. Leave was granted in 1761, in consequence of their distance from the place of public worship, that they might be a half ecclesiastical parish, and for five months in the year might procure preaching themselves, and be exempt from taxation in the old parish during that portion of each year. This peculiar organization long ago ceased to exist, but may be regarded as a forerunner of the present Congregational Church in Wapping.

We have then the somewhat remarkable fact of four ecclesiastical parishes existing upon the east side of the Connecticut River, within the limit of the ancient town of Windsor, before the Town of East Windsor itself came into being.

About the year 1700, and following, settlements were being made in Wapping and vicinity, which for a time made themselves accommodated by attending services in the Second Society, but as the roads were extremely bad they petitioned for winter privileges—that is—hire a minister for six months in the year—or, during the winter months. This seemingly reasonable request was for many years neglected, but was finally conceded.

The first meetinghouse was under the title of a schoolhouse, about 1765, and it stood near the present parsonage of the Congregational Society. The windows were boarded up above and only those below were glazed.

This church edifice became so dilapidated that the six months' winter privileges were extended to eight by leave of the General Court; the warm weather was substituted for winter. The people worshipped the rest of the season with the Society in the "Street," which invited them to do so, free of tax. Their edifice was used only spring, summer and fall, until it became so entirely out of repair, as to acquire the appellation of the "Wapping barn" and was pulled down in 1789, by some young men, out on a frolic.

After some delay a church edifice was designed, and the frame for the structure was raised in 1801, and is the one in which we now worship. It stood a year without covering. In 1802, a subscription was raised to cover the building and glaze the windows. The pulpit and seats were rough and unfinished. A pillow with clean case was carried every Sunday and placed on the pulpit for a cushion. The building was erected by people of different denominations living in Wapping on a mission plan.

The Congregationalists were to become sole proprietors—by paying the others—which they did in 1816 and 1817.

In 1829, money was raised by subscription to lath and plaster the house, build a breast work around the gallery, and a pulpit, at which time the settees were removed and the repairs which were contemplated were completed. Services were continued in the house during the following years, up to the year of 1843, when the Rev. O. F. Parker commenced his labors here, and through his efforts the building was changed to its present plan and shape.

PAPER BY WM. A. HOWE.

We celebrate today the Centennial of the occupancy of this house of worship, and though for thirty years it was in an unfinished state, here worshipped the fathers and mothers, and today their children meet to recall the past, and to look forward with hope to the future.

It is well for us to remember those who laid the foundations of our Church and of our State, those who, amid perils and privations, planted what we are now enjoying, the fathers and mothers of our own goodly Connecticut.

The Pilgrim Fathers came to New England first, and we give them due honor, but there were others beside those who came in the Mayflower. New England had its Winthrops, its Cotton, its Hooker, its Eaton, its Davenport, and others, the Puritan Fathers of Massachusetts Bay and of Connecticut.

There were wide diversities of view, not only as between the

Pilgrims and the Puritans, but equally wide differences among the Puritan Fathers of Massachusetts Bay. John Cotton and Thomas Hooker were the leaders in opposing views concerning both church and civil affairs. Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield were settled by those who were in sympathy with Hooker, coming mostly from Dorchester, Newtown, now Cambridge, and Watertown. We have descendants of the early settlers of each of these towns in our church and congregation.

Thomas Hooker and his friends did not favor independency, so we find in the further development of the Connecticut church order, a closer relationship between the churches than prevailed in the mother colony of Massachusetts, and under the Consociation System our churches grew and prospered, and when many of the old churches of Massachusetts became Unitarian, our Connecticut churches, with but one exception, stood firm on the old foundations.

The three towns in 1639, formed the first known written Constitution in the world. Here in Connecticut were laid the foundations of our State and of the Nation.

Our fathers of Connecticut gave the right to vote in civil affairs to those who were not members of the church, while Massachusetts restricted it to church members only, and very naturally Connecticut attracted many settlers who were not members of churches. Though the settlers of these three towns brought with them churches already organized, these churches were very small as compared with the number of inhabitants.

Wethersfield in 1640, with more than sixty families, had but seven male church members, and the churches of Hartford and Windsor, though probably larger, were also small, though no very definite statement as to numbers is given.

In some of our early settlements the church organization did not come in till several years after. In a Connecticut town settled in 1640, there was no church organization for a period of sixty-seven years, though there was a succession of ministers and a house of worship.

Our Puritan forefathers insisted on having the meetinghouse and the public worship of God, even when they were not associated together in church estate, and the towns not only supported the same, but compelled attendance on the Sabbath Day. In 1669, one town was negligent in the matter, and the General Court or Assembly of Connecticut resolved, "if the sayd people's prudent consideration do not move them to make such provision of a suitable person, sound and orthodox in his principles and apt to teach, so approved by 'four neighboring ministers who were named,' the Court will themselves procure and settle a preaching minister amongst them and take sufficient order that he be maintayned by them at their next session."

It was not the idea of our fathers that the church organization alone was responsible for the support of public worship, but it was like the school, a public necessity, for the benefit of

all, and to be paid for from the public treasury, and the rates paid by those who were Episcopalians or Baptists were paid for the support of those churches; all others paid to the Congregationalists, and this was the law till 1816.

In 1694, the part of Windsor on the east side of the river was incorporated as a distinct society, and after 1700 the more eastern portion of Windsor began to be settled. In 1735, the northeastern section was made a society by the name of Ellington, and in 1757 the society of North Windsor was incorporated. The dividing line began at the mouth of Scantic River, following it to the crossing of the road leading to Enfield, thence following the line of the Stiles lot to the east end of the three mile lots, thence on a line parallel to the north line of Hartford to the east part of the town and the Ellington line. This line runs by Mr. Nevers' place, farther east by Mr. Hosmer's and a little below Mr. J. A. Belknap's, to a point just north of W. A. Howe's, which point is the southeast corner of the old North or Scantic parish; thence the line ran northerly past the house of Mrs. E. S. Bissell to the southwest corner of Ellington.

The same year, 1757, Benjamin Stoughton, Daniel Rockwell, Daniel Skinner, Samuel Smith, Daniel Bissell, Thomas Bissell, Thomas Grant, Thomas Sadd, John Rockwell, Rockwell Grant, John Boynton, Robert White, Aaron Strong, James Fitch and George Smith, inhabitants of Wapping, petitioned the General Court for the privilege of separate religious worship and to be made a society. They speak of the difficulty of going to the street, especially in the winter, that there were thirty-eight families with 250 souls living at a distance of from four to eight miles from their present place of worship. The General Assembly did not grant their request.

In 1760, another petition was sent, which was also refused, and again in the spring of 1761, thirty-three persons petitioned with the same result, but in October following the fourth petition was successful, and Wapping was made a half society or winter parish, and was permitted to have preaching for five months in the year. A petition to the General Assembly soon followed, asking for another month, but it was not granted.

Services were held at first in private houses till in 1765 the first house of worship was built on or very near the site now occupied by our parsonage. It was left in an unfinished state, and was not fit for winter use, and the five months were changed to a more favorable season, the people going to the Street during the other seven months.

Five families living west of the east end of the three mile lots were included in the half society, the bounds on the west going in and out on the three mile line to include these families.

There were no easy carriages or even wagons in those early days, and the fathers and mothers went to meeting on horseback, taking such of the children as could be carried in front on the horse or behind; the rest of the family walked, and the road

to the Street must have been in very bad condition at times. Some of us remember seeing the very first road vehicles our grandfathers had.

There was preaching in Wapping as early as 1762. Matthew Rockwell, son of Deacon Samuel Rockwell of East Windsor, a graduate of Yale in 1728, preached to the people, for how long a period is not known. Services were for a part of the year only, and for this reason Wapping could not well have a resident minister. Mr. Rockwell, living at the Street, could come over and preach for so long a time as he was wanted.

Rev. Moses Tuthill preached here for three years. His wife was of the Edwards family. He graduated at Yale in 1745. He died at Southold, L. I., 1785.

His first ministry was at Granville, Mass. Then he preached in Delaware, and later came to East Windsor. He appears to have been here in 1769. He is said to have been a man of talent, though eccentric, and if he was eccentric, his wife was not less so. When in 1745 or '46 he asked of Rev. Mr. Edwards, the hand of his daughter Martha, Mr. Edwards assured him that she would be a thorn in his flesh; that God's grace might perhaps live with her, but that no man could with any comfort. He took the risk, and married her. He is said to have been a faithful and acceptable minister of the Gospel, his ministry "blessed with prosperity and peace."

One Sabbath Mr. Tuthill did not appear in the pulpit, and after waiting for some time, his wife, who was present, was asked where Mr. Tuthill was? She said that, as she had stayed at home to take care of the children long enough, she told him it was his turn now, so he stayed at home in her place.

At another time Mr. Tuthill failed to appear in his pulpit, and after waiting a while, inquiry was made as to his absence. His wife said that he went off down to the woods on Saturday and he had not come back. She did not know why. So some of the men went to find him and in the woods they came to a hollow log with a man's feet sticking out. Mr. Tuthill had followed something which had run into the log, and he having a long surtout with cape, it had rolled up when he tried to back out and he was fast. The men pulled but could not get him out, and they had to split the log before he could be released.

After his death his family came to live in Wapping in a house near Mr. Waldo Belcher's and where Mrs. Tuthill died in 1794. Two daughters lived there for some years after.

In April, 1772, thirty-one persons petitioned the General Assembly for eight months' preaching, which was granted. The petitioners were Benjamin Stoughton, Ezra Rockwell, John Rockwell, Thatcher Lathrop, Samuel Smith, Isaac Rockwell, Nathan Kingsley, Gideon Grant, Justus Loomis, Daniel Rockwell, Daniel Rockwell, Jr., Ebenezer Rockwell, William Grant, Oliver Skinner, Abner Rockwell, Noah Barber, Barzillai Green, Matthew Sadd, Isaac Grant, John Skinner, Timothy

Skinner, Daniel Skinner, Daniel Skinner, Jr., Timothy Bissell, John Bowlen, David Wright, Alexander Elmer, Rockwell Grant, Benjamin Smith, Zalmon Kingsley, Phineas Strong.

With no services for four months in each year, it is evident that no permanent ministry could be secured.

In January, 1799, the old house of worship was torn down, and it was not till 1802, one hundred years ago, that the present one was occupied. Various ministers preached to the people. Rev. Mr. Blakely, a Baptist minister, preached for two years, 1816, '17, and with considerable success, though there was some dissatisfaction with him on the part of some of the congregation. The close of his ministry here marks also the end of the Wapping Half Society. With the new State Constitution, the Ecclesiastical Society of the Standing Order, as it was called, was changed to a voluntary organization, and the School Society was separated from the Ecclesiastical, retaining the old Society boundaries.

For about nine years following there was no preaching service in Wapping. The people who attended church, went to the Street, and some, perhaps, to Scantic. Some of them were members of the First Church. Intemperance came in and made sad havoc in the community.

About 1826, Rev. V. Osborn, a Methodist minister, began to preach to the people of Wapping, and continued for two years. He was disposed to be controversial and there was friction and dissatisfaction in his congregation. In 1827, he organized the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place with eight members, and which in 1833 erected its present house of worship. Today the pastors and people of the two churches are in harmony, working together in this vineyard of the Lord.

It was a time of theological controversy, not only as between Arminians and Calvinists, but there was a sharper and more bitter one, even, between the old and new schools, both in the Presbyterian and in the Congregational churches. The East Windsor Hill Seminary was founded to combat the heresies of the New Haven Seminary. Drs. Tyler and Taylor, now we trust of one mind and knowing more than they could know when on earth, were leaders of opposing forces. Men contended earnestly for the faith which was supposed to have been once delivered to the saints, and in our churches "the doctrines" were made prominent in religious teaching.

In 1838 at the examination of a young girl of fifteen for admission to this church, one of the deacons questioned her as to her belief in foreordination. Some of the people here were members of the First Church, and in discussing this question, "Must our children be brought up under a religious belief different from the one which we and our fathers embraced?" resolved to make an effort to sustain a minister of their own, and Rev. Hiram N. Brinsmade labored among them for six months. A revival commenced in the North School District,

among children belonging to the school, which soon spread to the adults, and the organization of a church began to be talked about.

Mr. Brinsmade closed his labors here in the spring of 1829. Mr. Roland and Mr. Kennedy supplied till July when Rev. Henry Morris began his work here. A Council met at the house of Mr. Samuel Hall, February 2, 1830. Rev. Samuel Whelpley of the First Church was moderator. The Council proceeded to organize a church. Twenty-five persons were received by letters from the First Church and three from the Second or Scantic Church, a total of 28. In April, 22 united on profession of faith and four by letter, making a total of 54 members at the beginning of this church. The next year there was a powerful work of grace, beginning with a protracted meeting of six days conducted by Mr. Barrows, an evangelist, commencing August 30, and before Mr. Morris closed his pastorate in 1832, 28 persons united on confession.

Rev. David L. Hunn began his ministry here July, 1832, coming from the neighboring church at Vernon, and the church soon received several families from the North or Scantic parish and from Vernon. Deacon Anson Bissell from the Scantic church, became a deacon of this church. Deacon Bissell had three sons who became ministers. Rev. Dr. Lemuel Bissell for many years connected with the Mahratta mission in India, and whose children, Rev. Henry and Misses Julia and Emily Bissell are prominent in missionary and medical work in that mission. Rev. Henry N. Bissell was a pastor in Michigan and Rev. Sanford Bissell, in Illinois.

In September, 1832, and January, 1833, the church received 14 by letter, 11 of whom were from the Scantic church and three from Vernon. Four united on profession, two of whom were from Scantic.

By 1836, the southern portion of the North parish had been transferred to Wapping, and from these families we have today, some of those who are active in our church work.

June 29, 1836, Rev. Marvin Root was installed as pastor. September 26, 1837, the church became connected with the Hartford North Consociation. Mr. Root resigned April, 1839, but the resignation was not accepted. He was dismissed April, 1840.

The church was supplied by various ministers and in the latter part of 1841 when the church was still without a pastor, 21 persons were received on profession of faith.

The early period of the church was marked by most wonderful seasons of revival. January 1, 1843, Mr. O. F. Parker began to supply the pulpit and January 3, 1844, he was ordained and installed pastor. In 1846, 13 persons united with the church, the fruits of a revival.

About 1845 or '46 the church edifice had come to be unsatisfactory, and the question of repair or rebuilding was agitated

and with differing minds, but in January, 1849, the remodelled church was dedicated. Mr. Parker's health failed and he was dismissed a few months previous to the dedication.

For the next following years there was no settled pastor. Rev. John Frazer supplied for two years. Rev. Mr. Strong, one, and Dr. Tyler and others from the Seminary supplied till the coming and installation of Rev. William Wright, in 1854. Mr. Wright was dismissed after a pastorate of nearly eleven years. When the church was without a pastor in 1852, 14 united on profession and again in January, 1868, six more were added.

Rev. Winfield S. Hawkes was installed pastor in 1868 and in January, 1869, 13 more were received, the fruit of his labors. He was dismissed March, 1871.

Rev. Charles W. Drake followed and was succeeded by Rev. Stephen Fenn, who died here three years later. Rev. Henry E. Hart, his successor, received 29 to the church in the three years he was with us.

Our next pastor, Rev. C. N. Flanders, was with us six years, and in this time the afternoon services were given up.

Rev. G. A. Bryan was here for eighteen months and in this time the Christian Endeavor Society was formed. Rev. Daniel Phillips served here one year. Rev. O. G. McIntyre followed and in August, 1889, Rev. Edwin N. Hardy came to us, quickening into new life the Endeavor Society and the church, and during that one year 19 new members were added to the church.

Rev. F. M. Hollister's pastorate of a year and three months followed. He was dismissed April, 1892, being called to Waterbury.

Rev. C. A. Redgrave supplied for the next three years, followed by Rev. W. S. Post as acting pastor till April, 1900, a pastorate of four and a half years.

Mr. George B. Hawkes, son of our former pastor, supplied during the summer, and October 1, Rev. John E. Hurlbut came to us, from the Church of the Covenant, Worcester, Mass.

In February of last year the church became incorporated under the state law, and the Society transferred to the church the real estate, house of worship and parsonage, the trust funds which were then in its possession and the support of public worship here. Fourteen of our young people came into the church during the pastorate of Mr. Post, and since our present pastor came 15 more have professed their faith in Christ.

The hope of our Church is in its young people who are coming in to take the places of some of us who will soon pass away. We owe much to those who have sustained our Christian Endeavor Society, and the Junior Society, the nursery from which this church has received some of its fruitful members.

In January, 1833, after the accessions from Scantic and Vernon, there were 98 members, since which there have been

received 223 by profession and 151 by letter. The present number is 124.

PAPER BY MRS. E. S. BISSELL.

In visiting the home of his childhood a celebrated physician once said, "It surprises me how the sight of these familiar fields, rocks and brooks bring back to my mind impressions made upon me by my family training. I suppose they are the friends to whom I unconsciously told my joys and sorrows. But the strangest part is that they bring back so vividly my father, mother, brother and sister, that they seem to be present with me now, I hear my father telling of the building of that house, *our home*, till I realize more fully than in my childhood days the tremendous power of his muscular frame, his indomnitable will and his loving heart."

And so my friends within these walls and listening to the history of effort, discouragement and final success in obtaining permission to build a house of worship, we feel the very presence of those resolute men and women who gave us this heritage.

Though memory cannot quite reach the beginnings, we look upon the faces of those who were there, and many incidents of the past come floating through our minds as recounted to us in our youth by those "gone before."

William Sadd, one of the original members of this church, tells of the hard work and scant gatherings of money that they might have a home place of worship.

Lyman Sadd, a young man of 28 or 29 years, the first superintendent of Sunday school which was formed before the church was organized, with the woman of his choice, Mary Skinner, as his wife, devoted their energies for years to the best interests of church and Sunday school.

Aunt Mary Lyman—as we familiarly called her—I can see her with the little ones gathered around her, looking up lovingly in her face, as she told them of the love of Jesus, and of the necessity of always doing right.

She was never too old to be wanted as a teacher. Class after class passed into life's arena and still she was at her post. Some of the oldest here present were doubtless among her boys and girls.

Rosina Green tells of the lack of cushioned pews and plastered walls. No smoke troubled the singers' voices. Footstoves contained the only artificial heat. Home-made woolen stockings in cowhide boots kept the feet of the sturdy farmers warm, while their hearts glowed with spiritual fire kindled at the family altar, and fanned by the preacher's words of exhortation and warning.

Was it a hardship for those men and women to gather within that desolate room, and, seated on the rude benches made of slabs, listen to long doctrinal sermons, forenoon and afternoon,

and Sunday school, with only time in the intermission to eat a cooky or two and replenish coals in footstove from neighboring fires? If a hardship it was a hardship they loved, made bearable by looking forward to a better condition of creature comforts and an expectation of the continued presence of God's Spirit. Religion to them was life.

As George McDonald says, "Religion is not an addition *to* life, or a starry crown set upon the head of humanity. The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above and not essential to it, is not yet a man." So their life was growth and when the meetinghouse became the home of one denomination they grew united in effort to better their home.

Instead of rough slab seats with men on one side of the room and women on the other, and children in the gallery, they wanted family pews and pews they had. Instead of galleries with floor boards unnailed, they wanted them finished and so it was. The opportunity for the children to devise mischief was great. And whether the stick of timber that fell from the side gallery into Priest Root's pew, where his wife was sitting, was aided by the kick of little toes will probably never be known. Those square pews! They embody my first recollections of church going, and the minister, who wore the first pair of gold spectacles I had ever seen, was a terror to my childish imagination. I thought his double pair of eyes could tell even my thoughts. But seated on a low stool behind the high back of the pew with father and our family and Uncle Kellogg and his family, I thought I could escape his vision. My little cousin Jennie, younger than myself, now risen to the dignity of Grandma Howe, beguiled the time by playing bopeep with her handkerchief. I essayed to do likewise, but a reproving glance from Aunt Margaret convinced me that the minister could see me through the boards. As Nicholas Minturn, who was always studying cause and effect, looking from a garret window, seeing the tree tops in the distance swaying in the breeze, concluded it was the trees that caused the wind to blow, so I concluded that my misdemeanors had come to be unbearable and father suddenly decided to take us to Vernon to church. Alas! I never saw those square pews again. Progress was the watchword. Life was growth, and the church home was again to be renovated.

Some wanted the old building removed and a new one built on a hill to the northeast, claiming it would be more nearly the center of the parish. Mr. Parker preached a sermon on "Sanballat and Tobiah hindering the work of the Lord," which caused offense not only to the High Hill people who seceded, but to some who remained. The subsequent history of those who seceded justifies us in believing that they were not lacking in Christian love and service.

I am told that three heads of families left the room in sermon

time. James Skinner said he did not blame them and felt inclined to do the same thing himself. My sister, Mrs. Parsons, told me that she remembered that when father drove home that day he plied the whip with unusual vigor, saying, "Get up, Sanballat, go it Tobiah."

He with William Kellogg and Oliver Dart, unlike Tobiah and Sanballat, had their part and lot in the remodelling, inasmuch as they paid their full quota in money for the repairs, but they and their families left and went to Vernon. Just here I would like to read a portion of a letter received from my sister in Milwaukee.

"My recollections of the old church as it was in the times before the advent of Mr. Parker, through whose endeavors it was remodelled are restricted to the exterior with the exception that on the day of the sermon wherein the High Hill people were scored for "hindering the work of the Lord." I distinctly remember sitting in a high backed, square pew next the wall on the right hand aisle about a third of the way from door to pulpit. All the pews by the wall were of the square, old fashioned kind, but I think those in the center of the building were like the modern slip though short and narrow. The exterior as I recall it to my mental vision, was a very model of ugliness, high, square and somewhat weather beaten, with a multitude of curtainless windows that seemed to stare reproachfully at the little reprobate, who at an early age developed a dislike of long, doctrinal sermons and of the books in the Sunday school library.

"At that time, the only books she could get hold of were *memoirs* of good little children who suffered so patiently that they died young.

"To my childish mind the logic of it all was that it didn't pay to be good and patient in illness.

"I wanted to live and *grow up* and I hated those scenes so thoroughly that even the walls of the old church where the books were kept never failed to arouse my "innate cussedness" and at the same time to awaken my New England conscience to such an extent that I felt as though the Day of Judgment was staring at me through the ugly, curtainless windows. To this day I am inclined to shiver at the thought of the old church *as it was*, and without entering into the whys and wherefores of the opposition movement, which took us children from Wapping at an early age, I am truly grateful to those who persisted in their efforts to transform the ugly old building into a neat, tasteful modern church."

Staunch members continued the building. Herman Hall, who lived on the site of the present high school building, gave the stone underpinning, and was always active in the interest of the edifice. He took care of the building, in other words was janitor for upwards of twenty years, and received in compensation one dollar a year.

It was the custom for the congregation to stand during the

long prayer (said sometimes to be an hour long, timed by the watch). After the custom ceased Deacon Horace Stoughton always reverently stood facing the minister with his head slightly bowed, while John Stoughton also stood with his back to the minister and looked out of the window.

The children, both boys and girls, went barefoot in the summer both at their homes and at school, but it was out of character to appear on holy ground without shoes on their feet. They carried them in their hand till within sight of the church when they would put them on, much to their discomfort. One lady here present tells me that she remembers when she was four years old,walking over two miles to church and wearing a blue dress with polka dots, and when near here, put on her shoes as was the custom, as did her sister with her.

This little girl was in after years assistant superintendent of the Sunday school and was also secretary of the Ladies' Sewing Society eight years.

Cora Martin, living with her grandmother, was dressed ready for church and then required to sit still till all were ready to go. That to her was the most tedious part of the day. A penny for keeping quiet in service time was a compensation. Then in the intermission a walk to the graveyard was enlivening.

Doubtless heads of dill, caraway seed and fennel (meeting seed as it was called), beguiled the time for many little ones.

You who pity those children for being made to go to church, please remember they could not have been hired to stay at home. They were used to hardships and were not carried around on pillows till they were six years old.

It seems strange to us to think of our late Deacon Collins as a little boy, but Mrs. Alonzo Barber tells me she remembers at the time Mr. Barrows held protracted meetings, that he and his sister Henrietta, with other children, were baptized. He was then about ten years old. She also remembers Mrs. John Collins (the deacon's mother), Mrs. Eldad Barber (my grandmother), and Mrs. William Sadd, going forward for prayers.

The singing in church was an important feature, and was at one time led by Colonel Frederick H. Sadd, who, with his tuning fork pitched the tune, beat the time, and the choir followed his lead with uplifted voices as near together as possible.

The "Psalms and Hymns" was universally used and had to be set to appropriate music by the chorister.

If the leader was absent an attempt would be made to start the tune, sometimes pitched so high that at the second verse another member of the choir would hurriedly start on a lower key, and "others boldly waded in and chased each other" till they triumphantly finished the tune.

I do not know just when instrumental music was introduced but the need of a reliable guide was felt and a bass viol played by Avery Stoughton was used, though I think a euphoniad was tried first.

Mr. Lorin Loomis had a small melodeon which he brought to church with him, taking it home at night. He took it to rehearsals also. It was a happy day for the choir (and congregation too) when they were able to purchase their first organ.

The donation party was one of the events of the year. Perhaps not so much to the minister and his family, as it is possible Will Carleton went behind the scenes in many a parsonage when he wrote "Elder Lamb's Donation." But to the young people it afforded a social opportunity unequalled by any other event.

Sleighing parties were planned and singing schools started when all met together at the minister's and weddings were the outcome.

The monthly missionary concert was a regular part of the service, and not to be interested in foreign missions was falling short of duty and bordered on heathenism. Doubtless interest in the subject was increased by the fact that Deacon Anson Bissell's son Lemuel, went out as a missionary to India.

The young ladies who were appointed by the church, among whom were Harriet Green and Fanny Skinner, to canvass the parish and collect money for the American Board sometimes met with sharp rebuffs as though begging money for themselves, but oftener found members ready with money laid by in store for those who should gather the Lord's tithes.

In order to preserve due decorum during divine service, a tithing man was annually appointed. He was to have special care of the boys and girls in the gallery and also to waken sleepers in the congregation. The boys and girls naturally found playing and whispering more interesting than the sixthlys and tenthlys of the sermon, but Laura Ann, Amelia and Miranda found the reprimand at home *not* so interesting. The boys who were taken by the coat collar down the gallery stairs dreaded the approach of the tithing man and were made glad to keep their ears busy and their tongues idle. Sometimes the pastors took matters in their own hands and publicly rebuked disturbers. Mr. Root once, when annoyed by whisperers, stopped in his sermon and in his deep toned voice said, "Boys, keep your tongues between your teeth." I can remember when the tithing man's labors were confined to the singers' gallery, where the boys liked to sit behind the singers. Lorenzo Crane as tithing man was not so much feared, as he persuaded to good behavior by sugar plums instead of force. Perhaps the removal of the singers to the front in the audience-room made the office less onerous. The youth of today are more angelic and only need a figure head, the present tithing man never exercising the power of his office.

Well do I remember those singers in the gallery, Chauncey Stoughton, Wolcott, Gertrude, Charlotte, Cornelia, Sarah, Alice, Laura, Josie, Helen, Edith, Henry, Frank, Revillo, Seth and many others. I think one only remains in the choir who was among the gallery singers.

I have mentioned the custom of standing in prayer time. It was also the custom for the congregation to rise when the choir sang and turning with their backs to the preacher face the singers in the gallery. But there came into our midst a lady from the city unused to the custom, who stood facing the minister and remained so in her decided but unobtrusive manner. The next Sabbath and succeeding ones many followed her example until half turned one way and half the other. The pastor asked for uniformity and all quietly gave up the old custom. So much for the force of Mrs. H. W. Sadd's example.

Does memory bring back to us the sermon preached? It certainly does many texts. "And lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian," was the text of the first sermon Mr. Hawkes preached here. Mr. Winch from Enfield preached here one Sunday from the text, "Thou fool." Others had this text, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward;" and another, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Rev. Daniel Phillips, whose stay here was only too short, gave a discourse one fast day on the political phase which was much enjoyed.

Mr. Hardy's prayer meeting talks made us feel the necessity of our own right living and our responsibility for our neighbors conversion.

Mr. Wright in his farewell sermon spoke of the impossibility of pleasing everybody. One wanted the minister to do things in *his* way and another in *his* way, and perhaps he commits the unpardonable offense of having a mind of his own.

While the Seminary was located at East Windsor Hill this church had the benefit of weighty instruction. Doctor Tyler and Doctor Thompson, professors in the Seminary, frequently discoursed on Foreordination, Total Depravity, Perseverance of the Saints, Original Sin, Future Punishment, Sanctification and Redemption. Were candidates for admission to the church supposed to fully understand these subjects?

I remember talking with two daughters of a former member here. One joined the Congregationalists and one the Methodists. When asked why they did not both join the same church the reply was, "I believe in total depravity and live up to it. She believes in falling from grace and practices it."

"Assurance of hope," was a subject often discussed. Methodist camp meetings were held in neighboring woods. One year the camp meeting ground was near where Elam Belknap now lives. A crowd had gathered when a down pour of rain drove them to their tents and then from their tents to houses in the neighborhood. Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric preacher with great force of character, with other Methodist brothers, found grandfather's hospitable roof a shelter from the storm. Naturally conversation at meal time was upon the all engrossing topic of

religion. The great man insisted on ones *knowing* that he was saved, and exclaimed, Oh, ye miserable, whining Presbyterians, you *hope* and *hope* and are always *hoping* you are saved. Now I am just as sure of going to Heaven as I am of eating that piece of meat. In his earnestness he gesticulated so forcibly with his hand that held the fork, that the piece of meat became loosened and fell to the floor and the dog ate it up. This story has been told with variations but Mrs. Howe will vouch for its actual occurrence, as related, in the house now her home.

One hundred years is a long time in the retrospect and we are obliged to pass over many familiar incidents, but the Civil War was a time that touched men's hearts and tried men's souls. From this church and community went many of manhood's fairest promise. Forty years ago on the 25th day of August, 1862, a war meeting was held in the basement of this church. At that time quite a number from this place signed their names to the roll and enlisted for the army. This was one of the most solemn meetings ever held in this house. The music was a drum corps, but it brought tears from a great many of those present, for it was almost certain that some of those boys would never come back to meet with us again in the old meetinghouse. With them went the prayers of those left behind. With the prayers went work and sometimes twice a week did the sewing society meet to lay out and do work for the suffering soldiers. Stockings were knit, bandages made of lint prepared with careful hand, and contributions received and forwarded, not only to personal friends but for the common cause in which our boys enlisted.

There was no time or inclination for church dissension. The most important feature in church work is spiritual prosperity. In union is strength and strength means growth and growth means not only increase in numbers but increase in creature comforts in our place of worship, a sense of home life. We are growing to feel the need of a place of social prayer.

Some of the best prayer meetings that I remember were held in homes of the the people. This audience room is too large for our best social prayer. Unless there is the heat of brotherly love (and he that loveth God loveth his brother also) the prayers freeze in the atmosphere. We should hate to find ourselves in the condition of the church whose roof leaked badly. Patching was of no avail, so they had to tear off the whole roof. There they found accumulated prayers that had ascended no higher than the roof and had mildewed.

When the mid-week service is held there is a dampening influence in the scattered audience and we earnestly desire a cozy, warm prayer meeting home and a place for our best social development. To that end we are working to collect funds for a chapel. In building it we want the foundation laid firm and solid on the Rock Christ Jesus and its structure such as shall contain only the Spirit of the Lord, even the Holy Spirit.

Then shall we all agree that our church is a part of the new Jerusalem. That in its construction are the elements of strength as of iron, the brilliance of the ruby, the transparence of the sapphire, the lustre of the diamond, and the ductility, softness and malleability of gold. "Instead of our fathers shall be our children."

They began worship in an unfinished building but they did not hold that they had more religion on account of it. They knew that their religion would enable them to carry forward the work. Their steadfastness was such as progressed.

George McDonald says, "Some apparent steadfastness is but sluggishness and comes from incapacity to generate change or contribute toward personal growth."

When Rev. W. S. Hawkes first came among us we felt our weakness, then began our strength.

From paying a salary of $500, we agreed to pay $800. Though applying for aid to the H. M. S. we were persuaded by Mr. Hawkes that we could do the work ourselves and we did it and not only paid his salary with reasonable promptness but built a parsonage and gave more to missionary work than in previous years.

Following this effort which some criticised as unwise and impossible was a sifting of hearts as to whom the gold and silver belonged, also a question as to whom the hearts belonged. The barley loaf overturned the tents and revealed the insecurity of our reliance. Church members were pricked in their hearts and the unconverted said, "We would see Jesus." Friends near and dear to us accepted Christ as their Saviour and established the family altar, for Mr. Hawkes insisted on a thorough consecration.

Our hearts go out with a bound of joy and thankfulness, first to our Heavenly Father, then to our earthly fathers who gave us this heritage. And we would pass on to our children more than we have received and cement the bond of Christian love and fellowship.

Mrs. E. S. Bissell.

Exodus 22:12.—"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Genesis 17:16.—"I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations."

Judges 5:7.—"Deborah arose . . . . . a mother in Israel"

The Bible gives great prominence to the family; every reader must have noticed it; almost at the beginning we have the institution of the ideal family; one man and one woman, united for life, thenceforward one, so far as aims, interests and rewards are concerned. At the two beginnings of the race, Adam and Noah, it was "father and mother," two, not three or more, father and *mother*; not a hint of more than one wife. All nature exhibits the male as physically stronger, and the

leader, which is also assumed in the Bible regarding man; and often when the man is spoken of he stands for the whole family. But while this is constantly so, there are not wanting records of women of such individuality that they are accorded special notice; and wifehood and motherhood are constantly honored in the history of God's people. Sarah, Abraham's wife, is particularly named and promised blessings. It is one peculiarity of our Holy Book, the Bible, that it makes prominent mention of women and children; no such records are found in the holy books of any other religion. Although in most of the Bible history it is assumed that women exerted their due influence and performed their tasks, yet a multitude are named; we readily recall Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Jocobed, the mother of Moses, Zipporah his wife and Miriam his sister, Deborah, "a mother in Israel," who was one of the Judges or Rulers, the mother of Jabez, whose name is not given, but whose prayer shows that she was a notable woman; Ruth the Moabitess, Hannah the mother of Samuel, Abigail the wife of Nabal and afterwards of David, the woman of Shunem of Elisha's day, and others. The stories of Ruth, Naomi, Abigail and the Shunemite show us a glimpse of the rural home life of those days, and that in some cases, if not in many, it was sweet and godly; from which we may gather that all through those troubled days there were some who kept the traditions of the Fathers and feared God; and it was just so in Europe preceding the Reformation; through those Dark Ages there were among the people pure hearts and homes where the fire of Pentecost was kept burning. During the later years of the Hebrew kings, preceding the Captivity, we hear little of the women; but we may be sure there were good mothers to have produced Daniel, Shadrach, Meshack and Abed-Nego. At a later period the story of Zacharias and Elizabeth and Mary the mother of our Lord, show us that good women were not wanting in Canaan at that time. The Hebrews had always honored women as other nations, as a rule, did not; and the coming of the Savior put special honor on them; and from Mary of Nazareth down through the Christian Ages woman has been receiving her right. And it is along this particular line of thought I am to speak today. From the sermons of Stephen, Peter and Paul we see how much the early Christian preachers dwelt on the story of the Fathers of the Hebrew people; the Fathers of the Christian church are just as worthy of mention, and were as truly called of God as were the Patriarchs; and the leaders of the Reformation were their rightful successors; and the Fathers and Mothers of America, those who first came to these shores, and their immediate children, who were the pioneers of these towns where Christian institutions were planted and have flourished, are as worthy of mention on the Lord's Day in Church service as those whose names are written in the Bible. These are later Worthies of Faith, some of whose names would undoubtedly have been included in the

XIth of Hebrews had that narrative been written one hundred years ago instead of eighteen hundred years ago. In that remarkable chapter women are named and others referred to. On such occasions as this it is more common that the Fathers receive mention; although often the term is used generically, and the Mothers are just as much meant as the Fathers. I love and honor the Fathers; none more than I; but today I am to speak particularly of the Mothers—the women of our early history; to emphasize what we of America owe to them.

Most of you must be aware that many of the first attempts of Europeans to colonize America were made by "men only." The Spanish colonies around the Gulf of Mexico were thus started and only succeeded after many failures. The ever recurring story makes it almost seem as though Spaniards thought men, monks and the Inquisition were enough, without good women to be honorable wives and mothers. And what was true of the Catholic Spaniards at the south was also true of the Protestant English in Virginia, and at several places on the coast of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. And in Canada Louis XIV followed the Catholic Spanish method. When the term of service of his soldiers expired, which he had sent to Canada, he used his influence to induce both officers and men to settle in that land; but after a time that astute monarch was quite surprised and pained to learn that the French population was not increasing, although half-breeds were multiplying from Indian mothers; Louis at once set about correcting his mistake, and proceeded to provide French wives and mothers by Government aid; the prospect of a husband, a home, and a dower of money was held out as an inducement to women and girls to cross the ocean to Canada; and many ship-loads were thus sent over; while much the larger number were respectable, yet among so many thus secured, of necessity, there would be some of indifferent physical, mental and moral quality, which accounts for the complaint of one of the prominent Nuns who had charge of these immigrant women, who wrote of one ship's company as a "cargo of mixed goods." The historian Parkman says of this movement of Louis XIV, "It is a peculiarity of Canadian immigration, at its most flourishing epoch, that it was mainly an immigration of single men and single women. The cases in which entire families came over were comparatively few."

The Protestant English settlements which were attempted on the same plan, with "men only" were failures, all except Jamestown which almost failed, and was only saved by the coming of virtuous women, the story of which is told in the popular novel "*To Have and to Hold.*"

The first English settlement which had a healthful and unfaltering growth from the start was that at Plymouth; and the women of the Pilgrim band, as wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, had been in consultation with the men before they left England for Holland, and while in the Low Countries they

were in all the consultations about coming to the New World; and the social unit that came in the Mayflower was not the individual, a man, and he perhaps, a poor debtor, a rake, or a "ne'er do well," but the social unit of the Pilgrims was the family, the Christian family of father, mother and children; and while there were some young men and women of marriageable age in that company, they were not sent because of that fact, but because they were members of some family. And it is significant of the character of the Pilgrim band that a woman was in the first boat-load sent ashore for final location at Plymouth, and a woman, Mary Chilton, was the first to step on historic Plymouth Rock.

Thomas Weston, a London merchant, who posed as a good Puritan, advanced money for the outfit and vessels of the Pilgrims; but soon became disgusted with the small and slow profits; it was his belief that the Plymouth party was hindered by having their families with them; and he determined to try for quicker returns, and sent over a colony of men without family incumbrance, who located on the shores of Massachusetts Bay,; but they soon so rioted among themselves and so abused the Indians that they came near causing their own destruction and that of the Pilgrims also, who saved them from the Indians and then from starvation, and I imagine it was the tender-hearted Pilgrim women who prompted the men to their rescue.

As the years went on the large and rich party in England known as Puritans, found their lot under James I growing harder and harder to bear; he seemed determined to keep the promise he had once made that he would "harry them out of the land." And when he died in 1625 it was soon seen that their lot would be no easier under his son Charles I; they were now hearing much about the success of the Plymouth colony, and in 1627 and 1628 there were many deliberations among them whether considerable numbers should not emigrate to this new land; the historian Green says these matters "were talked over in every Puritan household; it is certain that the women of these households knew all about the plans and purposes, and when all was ready to begin, John Endicott was sent ahead to prepare the way, and Bancroft significantly says that Endicott's "wife and family were the companions of his voyage, the hostages of his fixed attachment to the New World." So woman was at the first permanent settlement of Massachusetts Bay as she had been at Plymouth; and when the Connecticut Colony was about to begin, the advance party was sent by sea and the Connecticut River, and, as at Plymouth, it was a woman, Rachel Stiles, who first stepped ashore at Old Windsor. And it was the same at New Haven, the godly and refining English woman was there.

Virginia, with its contract women for wives and mothers, had a dubious growth for many years; what afterwards gave that Colony its distinguished character was the fact that during the Commonwealth times in England many of the Cavaliers took

their families, wives and children, to that Colony, and their women were among the very best of Old England; and in this we see again the distinctive English Christian social unit—the family.

The Pilgrim and Puritan women who helped make these New England settlements a success from the start were some of the very best of women-kind of any race or age. One has but to read their record to admire them, and to discover the secret of the dominance of their descendants in the making of this Nation.

In the Puritan party of England were many representatives of the nobility, and some of them were planning to come to America with their wealth, retainers and titles; but the major part of the would-be settlers would not agree that the titles and special privileges of the nobility should be recognized and continued in the new settlements; and so most of them held back from coming; but quite a number of relatives and some of their daughters came, and among them Lady Arabella, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and wife of Isaac Johnson, an excellent man and a great helper of the colony with money and service; in letters of the time we read much of Lady Arabella's gentle Christian graces; she and her husband were not rugged enough to endure the hardships and were among the first to die. Bancroft says of those early Puritans and their efforts, "Woman was there to struggle against unforeseen hardships, unwonted sorrows." As half the Pilgrim band died that first awful winter at Plymouth, so about 200 of the Puritans at Salem, Charlestown and Boston during that first summer. After describing their sufferings, Bancroft says, "Their enthusiasm was softened by the mildest sympathy with suffering humanity, while sincere faith kept guard against despondency and weakness. Not a hurried line, not a trace of repining appears in their records. . . . . For that placid resignation which diffuses grace round the bed of sickness, and makes death too serene for sorrow and too beautiful for fear, no one was more remarkable than the daughter of Thomas Sharp, whose youth and sex, and, as it seemed, unqualified virtues, won warmest eulogies. . . . . Even little children caught the spirit of the place; and in their last hours, awoke to the awful mystery of the impending change, awaited its approach in the tranquil confidence of faith, and went to the grave full of immortality." It is easy to see that such men were made what they were, not only by their faith, but by that faith shared and sustained by their sweet, intelligent and godly women. If any of you are curious to know more of just what those women were, read the story of Margaret Tyndall, third wife of Governor John Winthrop. Her letters show the strong and beautiful character which sustained and encouraged her husband during the planning for the Puritan colony. He was a prominent lawyer of good estate and social standing, and she from a family of still higher social grade; she not only intelligently counselled him in advance, but cordially

assented to his going at first alone when she must remain behind for motherhood, and afterwards when he had not hidden one of the trials from her, she was anxious to join him that she might share them with her beloved husband and so help and cheer him and advance the great cause. It is clearly evident that Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts Bay and the Connecticut Colonies would never have been embalmed in song and story if it had not been for the quality of our foremothers, who possessed "unfeigned faith" like that of Lois and Eunice, the grandmother and mother of Timothy. And with their assured faith was their placid devotion, their quiet but deep enthusiasm, their unrepining endurance, their gentle ministrations, and their fervid love, all of which made the men what they were—good men nobler. The story of some of those women has been written and given the world; the story of many more ought to be carefully gathered together and published to the world before the records are lost. A concrete case often impresses us more than general facts; and for my purpose today I have one at hand that is peculiarly appropriate for this place and occasion; for the "mother in Israel" of whom I am about to speak was born in the town of which Wapping and South Windsor was a part, and many of her descendents have lived in this town; and some, I think, in this parish, and some of them are, I think, here present today. She was not one of the first settlers of Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay, but the daughter of one of them, who soon left the seaboard settlements and came to this Valley and helped to make this town and surrounding region; so this woman and her descendants are a part of your history, and her story peculiarly appropriate to this occasion. I refer to

ESTHER WARHAM.

Esther, or as sometimes written in the old records, Hester Warham, was born in Windsor, where her remarkable father was the first pastor. It would be highly interesting to speak of that Forefather, but I am to tell of his daughter, a Foremother. Before her father came to this town he lived a short time in Dorchester, Mass., whose first minister was Richard Mather, another remarkable man. His son Eleazar was called to be the first pastor of the Northampton, Mass., church, and needing a wife, sought her in the family of his father's friend, John Warham; and having wooed and won the young and attractive girl, the impatient lover hastened the marriage, and Esther became a bride when a month or two less than 15 years of age. This need not surprise us, for the character, mission and environments of those first settlers hastened development of body and mind, and the Puritans in a corrupt age looked on early marriage as a safeguard of the purity of the home. Some time before this Governor John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, was

not yet 18 years old when first married in England, and his second bride was but 17 years old at marriage, and both unions were looked upon with approval by all concerned at the time; and 70 years after the time of Esther's marriage Sarah Pierrepont, was only 17 years of age when she married Jonathan Edwards, the grandson of our Esther. Another common practice in those early New England days was the intermarriage between ministers' families; Esther, a minister's daughter was married to a minister, the son of a minister, and afterwards six of her seven daughters married ministers, and some of her sons took ministers' daughters to wife. This girl wife lived happily with Mr. Mather almost ten years, and after a widowhood of five years married her husband's successor in the pastoral office, Solomon Stoddard, with whom she lived in happiness 55 years. He was no common man; the grandson of Governor Winthrop's sister, he possessed great ability.

The President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, one hundred years ago, said that he "possessed, probably, more influence than any other clergyman in the Province during a period of 30 years. He was regarded with a reverence which will scarcely be rendered to any other man."

Another said of him, "His look and behavior was such as gave those who conversed with him, occasion to say of him, as the woman of the prophet, 'I perceive that this is a man of God.'" The Indians called him "The Englishman's God," and his grandson, Edwards, said he was a "very great man." Yet it was he, more than anyone else, who introduced into the New England churches what was called the "Half-way Covenant," which was accepting church membership before conversion, whence it was called "a half-way covenant."

Stoddard was a man of intellect and faith, and came to his belief in the "Half-way Covenant" in a singular manner, in which his remarkable wife, without intending to lead to that result, played a leading part. It is said that, in the common acceptation of the term, he was not a converted man when he began his Northampton pastorate, and that when that change did come to him the human agent that led to it was Mrs. Stoddard. The way in which the story has come down to us shows how near we really are to those days.

My great-grandfather was born in 1715, and it is as though he, having known some of the parties, told the story to his son, my grandfather, and he to my father, and my father to me. We are only three lives, if long ones, away from it. Dr. Increase N. Tarbox, who was born in East Windsor, so a son of Windsor town, had the story from Dr. Thomas Williams of Providence, who had it from Dr. Joseph Lathrop of West Springfield, who was ordained about the time Edwards left Northampton, when some must have been still living who readily recalled Stoddard and his wife Esther. The nub of the story is that as time went on Mrs. Stoddard feared that her able husband

had not an experimental knowledge of Christ as a Savior, which opinion was shared by some of her intimate friends, a company or godly women; and Mrs. Stoddard began praying with these women for her husband's conversion; after a while he noticed that his wife was keeping an appointment a certain day of the week, and asked her about it. Mrs. Stoddard frankly told him the burden of her heart which deeply affected him. Not long afterwards, when officiating at the communion table, he had a new view of Christ as his personal Savior, which produced a radical change in his thinking and preaching. And it is a curious and interesting fact, showing how personal experiences are apt to color and shape our thinking and conduct, that that experience having come to Mr. Stoddard at the communion table he ever after attached a new and deeper meaning to that rite, thinking it almost, if not quite, a saving ordinance. There is much reason to accept this story; and it shows both the strong individuality and the deep spiritual piety of Esther Warham.

Mr. Stoddard was an advocate of the Half-way Covenant, and practiced it; but through the influence of his wife he was so spiritual minded, and his preaching so pungent, that it undoubtedly saved his congregation from the spiritual deadness which prevailed in most of the churches where the Half-way Covenant was practiced; and there was a spiritual atmosphere in that town which was ready to be affected by the searching preaching of Edwards, who succeeded Mr. Stoddard, and whose grandson he was.

Esther survived her husband seven years, and thus as wife or widow of pastors she was identified with that church for 77 years. She was the mother of 13 children, some records say 15; but 13 grew up, married and had families.

Hers was a remarkable experience and hers a remarkable family. Of some of the daughters a few words should be said: The oldest was Eunice Mather, who married Rev. John Williams, first pastor of the Deerfield Church; when that town was captured by the French and Indians in 1704, the whole family were made captives and started for Canada; Mrs. Williams had a babe but a few days old, and could not endure the hardship; knowing that she would soon fall out and probably be at once killed by the Indians she took a tender and affectionate farewell of her husband, in which the same strong faith of her mother Esther was prominent, and calmly waited for her fate which for her and her babe soon came from the merciless Indian. Mr. Williams and the other children were carried to Canada. All but one daughter were afterward ransomed; that daughter would not be given up by the Indians, afterwards married among them, and many of her descendants are today numbered among the Canada Indians. Stephen, one of the boys was afterwards the first pastor of the Longmeadow Church. Esther Warham's eldest daughter by Mr. Stoddard was named Esther

after herself, and became the wife of Rev. Timothy Edwards, first pastor of the first Church of this town; she is spoken of as having been stately, handsome, of polished manners, thoroughly educated, having a "business head," being an earnest Christian, and altogether a strong character; she and Mr. Edwards lived together 64 years and she was the mother of 11 children, of whom the fifth, and the only boy, was the distinguished Jonathan Edwards; one boy among ten sisters! and perhaps that was a reason of his sweetness and gentleness of character, for although as bold as a lion, he was a man of exceeding gentle spirit and breeding. Those ten sisters were thorough scholars and assisted their father in teaching the boys he fitted for Yale College; like their mother they were tall, all six feet or more in height! and Mr. Edwards used to facetiously say he "had sixty feet of daughters!" Seven of the ten married in Connecticut, and from them are descended some of the most prominent families of this town and State.

The youngest of them was Martha, who was the erratic wife of Rev. Moses Tuthill, the second pastor of this parish, who, I understand preached here some time before the church was organized. Two of their daughters inherited some of their mother's erratic ways, and lived in this part of the town, the last of the two not dying till 1837. During my pastorate the aged people used to tell me anecdotes of the family, one of Martha Edwards Tuthill who was a "thorn in the flesh" to her husband; and perchance, a "means of grace" to him.

Passing over others mention should be made of another granddaughter, Jonathan Edwards' daughter Esther, who married Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton, N. J., College, who was the father of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States; a man of whom many strange things not to his credit are told. It has often excited wonder that Aaron Burr should have been the unprincipled man he was with such a godly ancestry behind him. But during my studies the past year I have discovered that Jonathan Edwards' grandmother, mother of Rev. Timothy Edwards of our First Church, was a woman of deranged mind, as well as other members of her family; and if we accept the teaching of heredity we need not be surprised that some strange and dark individuals appeared among her descendants, as three notable ones did; one each in three successive generations, of whom her granddaughter, Martha Edwards Tuthill of this town was one; her great-grandson, youngest son of Jonathan Edwards, was another; and Aaron Burr, her great-great-grandson was a third.

However we view her, Esther Warham was a remarkable woman; of her mother we know little; but history says her father was an uncommon man; being sometimes called "the gentle Warham," but a noted preacher, who left his impress on Old Windsor.

It is of local interest to us today that John Warham's daugh-

ter next older than Esther was Sarah. Her granddaughter was Elizabeth Moore Foster, whose body was one of the first buried in the yard directly back of this meetinghouse. not far from where I stand. I understand that all the Fosters of this part of the town, and all the descendants of Edward Chapman Grant, are descendants of this woman, granddaughter of Sarah Warham, sister of our Esther.

We have seen that Esther was wife of the first and second pastors of the Northampton Church and that the third was her grandson, Jonathan Edwards; the fifth was her great-great-grandson, who was the pastor 56 years, and a grandson of his was, in our day, pastor 14 years; which shows that the husbands or descendants of Esther Warham have been pastors of that one church for 158 years of its history; or 160 if we count the two years when another was associate pastor with one of the others. A vast host of her descendants have been Congregational ministers; a half dozen have been College Presidents, some United States Senators, some Governors, others representatives, judges, lawyers, physicians, and many others prominent men and women of this country.

Among the families descended from her who have furnished many noted ministers have been two lines of the Williams family, the Edwards, Dwight, Mather, Stoddard, Hooker, Strong, Porter, Parsons, Baccus, Hopkins, Woodbridge, Park, Hawley, Sheldon, and Storrs families, and others I have not recalled; and General W. T. and Hon. John Sherman, outside the pulpit, and who can tell how many others?

As we read her story it not hard to trace her influence; we see it through her uncommon daughters in the parsonages to which they went in different parts of New England; her spirituality was felt in many parishes beyond Northampton. It reached the parsonage in South Windsor Street in a letter which she sent her daughter Esther after the birth of Jonathan Edwards, congratulating her on the birth of her son, and referring to the death of her own daughter Eunice by the Indians, which breathes a spirit of strong faith and implicit trust in the divine wisdom. But, womanlike, there is a postcript to the letter, in the thoughtful mother appears. She says, "P. S. I would have sent you a half a thousand pins and a porringer of marmalat if I had an opportunity." Her influence is clearly seen in Jonathan Edwards; many of her traits reappear in him, and it is interesting to know that he was her pastor some years and that she lived to see the first great revival that came under his preaching at Northampton. How that must have rejoiced her devotedly pious soul? When we become acquainted with Edwards' grandmother and wonderful wife we are not much surprised that he was the man he was. Of him Whittier wrote:

"In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
The iron links of his argument,
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
The purpose of God and the fate of man!
Yet faithful still, in his daily round.
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
Had he not seen in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods
A vision about him fall?
Not the blinding splendor that fell on Saul,
But the tenderer glory that rests on them
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
Where never the sun nor moon are known,
But the Lord and His love are the light alone!
And watching the sweet, still countenance
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
Had he not treasured each broken word
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;
And loved the beautiful dreamer more
That thus to the desert of earth she bore
Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore?"

This "wife of his bosom," "the beautiful dreamer," was Sarah, daughter of Rev. John Pierrepont of New Haven, who, when but 13 years of age, had such remarkable religious experiences; "trances" Whittier calls them, but wholly unlike those of so-called "mediums;" but such religious exercises that the repute of them went far and wide; and Edwards, before he ever saw her wrote about them and her in his diary, and she became his wife when but seventeen years of age, and seemed from the first a matured character; and when the mother of six children George Whitefield wrote, after a visit to her home, that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever known; and who, from abundant testimony, was as practical and winsome, as beautiful. She was a woman after the own heart of Esther Warham, her grandmother-in-law. And while the great men, the Fathers of New England, were departing into cold formality in preaching and life, it was such women as this foremother and her daughters and others like them, who prayed, saw by intuition, and held by mighty but intelligent faith, the great center of the gospel; and through Esther Warham, her daughter Esther Stoddard Edwards, and her daughter-in-law, Sarah Pierrepont Edwards, an influence was exerted on Jonathan Edwards, by grandmother, mother and wife, by whom more than by any other man, the church of New England was brought back.